

with such kindly flesh and blood as in the adventures of the quaint "auld-farrant" boy, the uncouth, keen-witted lad, the pushing, provident, kindly man, whose progress Galt has so sympathetically described in Andrew "Wheelie." It is no slight merit to have plumbed the inwardness of such a conception. It is a service not slight to have interpreted the careful, determined architect of a man's own fortunes, who never lets slip a chance, who ever takes the tide of affairs at the flood, who leaps to embrace Fortune when she stands a-tiptoe; and yet at the same time to have succeeded in preserving withal, through all the prosperity and success, the simplicity of the boy who kept the sweetie-stall at the fair, and who carried his grandmother's Testament to the kirk, done up in a white napkin with a piece of "sidder-wood."

In some ways "Sir Andrew Wylie" appears to me little short of a triumph. In others it falls immeasurably below the steady sweetness of placid dignity which characterises "The Annals of the Parish." In "Sir Andrew," the